

P A M E L A:

O R,

Virtue Rewarded.

A N

O P E R A.

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Alter'd from the Comedy, call'd, PAMELA,

By Mr. E D G E,

*Author of, The WOMAN of TASTE: And the  
FEMALE RAKE; or, MODERN FINE LADY.*

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— Virtue, the more it is expos'd,  
Like purest Linnen, laid in open Air,  
Will bleach the more, and whiten to the View.

DRYD. AMPHIT.

To suppliant Virtue, nothing is deny'd.

GARTH. OVIN.

For Blessings ever wait on virtuous Deeds;  
And, tho' a late, a sure Reward succeeds.

MOURN. BRIDE.

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# The Original PROLOGUE

## To the COMEDY of PAMELA.

**A**S in the airy Regions of Romance,  
Th' adventrous Knight sets out with Shield and Lance;  
Straight his disinterested Valour flies  
To helpless Damsels, and to Beauty's Cries;  
This only Motive rising in his Breast,  
The God-like Plea — of Innocence distress'd.  
Thus dares our Author-Errant of To-night  
In Virtue's Aid romantically fight;  
Sacred to Her, the Champion Pen he draws,  
Enough rewarded — to support her Cause.  
To-night his honest Labour means to prove,  
A low born Virtue, worth a great Man's Love;  
An honest Pride, where conscious Honour glows;  
An artless Innocence — whence Truth still flows;  
A Sense, proceeding but from Nature's Light  
(For little Knowledge serves us to be right)  
A Merit, greatly poor, that far out-shines  
The Glare of Titles, or the Wealth of Mines.  
Such steadfast Honesty, should find Success  
O'er the abandon'd Authors of Distress;  
O'er those who glory to betray a Maid,  
Who welcome Guilt, and make Deceit a Trade.  
Yet some there are less liable to blame,  
Who only want Reflection to reclaim,  
Who bend unthinking to the Syren's Voice,  
The Reprobates of Custom, not of Choice;  
Who, deaf to Precept, plead Example still,  
And think the Mode indemnifies the Ill.  
To such our Author offers this Address,  
Not certain, nor despairing, of Success;  
Amongst this Cast of Men, he hopes to find  
Some Converts — for the Honour of Mankind.  
On Minds like these, his Morals may prevail  
And who escap'd a Sermon, feel this Tale.

# The Original EPILOGUE

## To the COMEDY of PAMELA.

**H**OLD, Critics, what's your Sentence e're you go?  
 Say, is our Bard pronounc'd an Ass, or no?  
 Or do you wisely nod your Heads, and cry, So, so!

Well, entre nous, I think him strangely dull,  
 A senseless, stupid, antiquated Fool!  
 Was ever such another Blockhead seen!  
 To choose a Servant for his Heroine!  
 Gad, on our Sex, a gen'ral Satire's thrown,  
 Who love more cheap to part with — what's their own.  
 If this should pass, all Womankind must fear,  
 For none will purchase, if the Sale's so dear.  
 Unhappy Belville! What a Wife! — Protect her!  
 No doubt he'd often have a Curtain-Lecture:  
 Besides — a Girl so over-sand of Grace,  
 Might be devout in an improper Place;  
 And pour forth Sermons from her fervent Mind,  
 When the poor Man's quite otherwise inclin'd.  
 I promise you, I've try'd my utmost Art,  
 To wipe these musty Tenets from his Heart;  
 But he's resolv'd to give the World the Lye,  
 And, like his Pammy, conquer Vice, or die.  
 So let him fall; unhappy, little Bays!  
 But first I'll tell you what the Ninny says.

He knew his Judges, and he wish'd to find  
 A Theme might justly please a British Mind:  
 A Tale, which Albion's Sons might deign to hear,  
 And, without Shame, let fall the pitying Tear.  
 If then these well-meant Scenes have Power t' impart  
 One Moment's Pleasure to the virtuous Heart;  
 If humble Truth and Innocence can move  
 Your Souls, like Belville's, to Reward and Love;  
 His artless Muse in After-times shall sing  
 These noble Topics on a bolder Wing;  
 And from her Spark your Breath has help'd to raise,  
 Collect the Fires, and mount into a Blaze.

THE



THE  
P R E F A C E.

WHEN I first thought of altering the Comedy of PAMELA to an Opera, I must own I expected, from the Subject, and Character I heard of it, to have had much better Matter to work upon, than, on Perusal, it appear'd to be. But, to give the Reader as clear an Idea as possible of the Piece above-mention'd, it may not be improper to insert a Passage or two from the Comedy, by which Means they may more readily form a Judgment whether that, or the following Piece, which took Birth from it, merits their Esteem most.

BELVILE'S first Soliloquy (Comedy, p. 6)

“ How weakly founded is the Opinion that Happiness is seated in large Possessions; tho’ till lately  
 “ I have had but little Reason to dissent from that  
 “ Opinion, and have ever made my Fortune subservient to my Pleasures — and shall I now suffer  
 “ a peevish low-born Girl to interrupt their Course,  
 “ and with the musty Principles of Virtue preach  
 “ me from my Purpose? — No! I am determin’d  
 “ not to sacrifice my Pursuits of Pleasure and substantial Joy to her wild imaginary Notions of  
 “ Virtue and Honour. — ’Tis certainly the first time  
 “ they ever took such deep Root in a Cottage, and  
 “ I’ll yet try if I have not Force enough to de-  
 “ these

" *these wondrous rural Battlements, and reduce the*  
 " *romantic Governor to capitulate.*" See the first  
 Soliloquy in the Opera, p. 31.

His second Soliloquy (Comedy, p. 8)

" *I find, in spite of all my Pride and Resolu-*  
 " *tion, this little Gipsy is still fluttering round my*  
 " *Heart—Have her I must—and Force is base*  
 " *and brutal—nor would I give Six-pence for her*  
 " *Person without her Inclination—Ah! I am far*  
 " *gone, that's plain—heretofore Minds had no*  
 " *Share in my Amours—'Sdeath, I shall turn an*  
 " *errant whining Coxcomb!—Well!—and per-*  
 " *haps that may sooner bring Madam about, than*  
 " *the haughty commanding Airs I have given my-*  
 " *self—for she has a gentle Softness about her.*"  
 See the second Soliloquy in the Opera, p. 33.

*It is evident, from the above Scenes, that he has*  
*neither made his Hero, BELVILE, speak as a Gen-*  
*tleman, or Lover, though he ought to have shone in*  
*both. His second Character, Jack Smatter, is a*  
*very insignificant one, introduc'd to serve no Pur-*  
*pose at all. The third Character, Williams, is*  
*Chaplain to Belvile; whom, I must own, tho' the*  
*Author has not made him cut a Figure as a Scholar,*  
*he has prov'd him a Man of Honour and Honesty;*  
*so that, in this Respect, he has had more Grace than*  
*any of his Brother Writers, who scarcely ever fail*  
*to set off the Reverend Fathers in a very bad Light.*  
*This, however, may prove a fortunate Contrivance;*  
*for, should the Piece be condemn'd, he may, with*  
*good Reason, plead the Benefit of the C—y.*

*Though I can't say I remember, so long as I have*  
*been acquainted with the English Stage, a worse*  
*Performance than the Comedy of PAMELA, yet I*  
*must*

must do the Author the Justice to acknowledge, the Theatres have been oblig'd to him for several very polite Pieces.

The Difficulties that attend Stage Writers are greater than can be imagin'd by any but those who have undertaken the Task of writing in that Way. Even that great Man, our excellent Poet Laureat, so conversant with the Drama, often mentions the Toil, Pain, and Time requir'd, to make a Play but tolerably good. And, if this be the Case with so brilliant a Wit as Colley, what wretched Performances must be expected from the true Sons of Dulness, who will write a Comedy in one Week; and another, of the same Taste, and Family, but somewhat more musically inclin'd, turn it into an Opera the next?

It is not to be disputed but too great Hurry has been one Means of bringing very tame Performances on the Stage. And, indeed, there is good Reason to apprehend it was the Case with the Author of the Comedy of PAMELA; for, to my Knowledge, several different Persons were writing on that Subject at the same Time; and happy was he who could draw the Scene first.

In Regard to the following Opera, if there are any Scenes in it capable of pleasing, it will give me the utmost Satisfaction; and whatever Blemishes may be discover'd by the indulgent Reader, I don't doubt but they'll be pass'd over with a great deal of Good-nature, as it is impossible effectually to execute Designs of this Sort, in the few Days I was confin'd to.

Dramatis



## Dramatis Personæ.

### M E N.

**BELVILE**, *Brother to Lady Davers, and Master to Pamela.*

**JACK SMATTER**, *an impudent Coxcomb, and related to Belvile.*

**WILLIAMS**, *Chaplain to Belvile.*

**LONGMAN**, *Steward to Belvile.*

**ANDREWS**, *Father to Pamela.*

**SPIGGOT**, *Butler to Belvile.*

**HARRY**,

**ARTHUR**,

**ISAAC**,

**ROBIN**,

} *Servants to Belvile.*

### W O M E N.

**PAMELA**, *an innocent Country Girl, and Servant to Belvile.*

**Lady DAVERS**, *Sister to Belvile.*

**Mrs. JERVIS**, *House-keeper to Belvile.*

**Mrs. JEWKES**, *Country House-keeper to Belvile.*

**KITTY**, *Chamber-Maid.*

**ANNICE**, *Servant at the Country House.*



# P A M E L A:

O R,

## VIRTUE REWARDED.

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### ACT I. SCENE I.

*Enter ISAAC, HARRY, and ARTHUR.*

ISAAC.



A Y, nay, *Harry*, if ever we live to see that Day, we may all — all bid farewell to the pleasant merry Lives we have hitherto led — I thought indeed something extraordinary wou'd happen in the Family by my Dreams — And Dreams, let me tell ye, Lads, are certain Prognosticators —

*Har.* Aye, marry, they never fail'd me yet.

*Arth.* Nor me — For I dream'd, some Time since, of Parliamenteering every Night; and, to be sure, soon after I —

*Isa.* Got drunk every Day.

*Arth.* Right, *Isaac* — and sometimes two or three times a Day — but that was not what I was going to say — soon after my Dreams ended, I was tipp'd with twenty Yellow-boys by the 'Squire — for you must know that I'm a free Burgeß, as well as Uncle Sam; and as it is

is well known he knows how to make the most of every Thing, I let him deal first, and then fix'd my Price.

*Har.* So then, it seems, to dream of Parliamenteering, is a sure Token that the Days of Bribery and Drunkenness are at hand.

*Isa.*

and

*Har.*

} Aye, aye, that's plain — that's plain.

### A I R I. Free Masons Tune.

*When Elections draw near*

*(Prithee, Harry, give Ear)*

*Good Liquor is stirring in Plenty;*

*And the 'Squire will bow*

*To Hob from the Plow —*

*“ Give your Vote, Sir—I'll surely content ye.*

*Like Fockies in Fairs,*

*They're laying their Snares,*

*They'll Money and Place promise to you;*

*Do but their Turn serve,*

*You then may go starve,*

*For indeed, Sir, they're sure not to know ye!*

*Isa.*—Well said, *Arthur!*—that was a good Song; aye, and a true Song——But now, Lads, can either of you interpret my Dream?—You must know, the other Night, I dreamt I fell into our Horse-pond, and —

*Har.* Our Horse-pond!—Mercy on me! you cou'd not have fell into a worse!—'tis both wide and deep; and, besides that, there are the Ghosts of several of our Coach Mares that haunt it.

*Isa.* And methought poor *Arthur* there took me out, almost fill'd to the Gullet—and methought, poor Fellow, he took me in his Arms, and set me, in this miserable

serable Condition, by our Kitchen Fire, where I scorch'd, till I was dry as Touch-wood — Now, what's this a Sign of?

*Har.* Water signifies you'll have the Dropsy and Ague; and the Fire shews a Fever is at hand——Now, for my Part, I abominate both Dropsy and Ague, and therefore drink nothing smaller than our *October*, by the way of Prevention.

*Isa.* Aye, aye, Lads, we'll all drink nought but *October* by the way of Prevention —— 'Tis better to go often to the Cellar, than once to the Doctor.

*Har.* But then for the Fever, how must we manage there?

*Isa.* Oh, my Lads, 'tis but drinking two Quarts for one —— Plenty of *October* cures all Disorders under the Sun.

*Omn.* Aye, aye; *October!* *October!* *October!*

A I R II. Of a noble Race was *Shenkin*.

*Isa.* — *October*, *Arthur*, surely,

*When Men find themselves amiss,*

*Is past all Slops*

*In Physick Shops,*

*Which we all three can witness.*

*It gives to Man a Spirit,*

*And keeps him from despairing;*

*No scolding Wife*

*Can plague his Life,*

*October lets no Care in.*

*Om.* *No scolding Wife, &c.*

*Har.* Aye, Boys, we may sing and roar now, but those Days are just ended, that's certain; and that my



Dream confirms — To be sure I thought our House was turn'd into a Wind-mill; and you all know a House that turns round, cannot stand long; and, if it falls, what must become of us?

*Arth.* Turn'd into a Wind-mill!

*Har.* Aye, a Wind-mill — and that Mrs. *Jewkes*, Master's *Lincolnshire* House-keeper, was the Miller's Man, and we three, to be sure, turn'd into Asses; and, murrain take her, nothing wou'd serve her turn, but she would have us to draw in the Place o'th' Horses!

*Isa.* Aye, they say she's a mortal cross Woman! — Well, well, but so —

*Har.* So, methought, at a little Distance from the Mill, was good Mrs. *Jervis*, our House-keeper here, and pretty Mrs. *Pamela*, my late Lady's waiting Woman, with each a Bundle under their Arms, as if they were going to seek their Fortunes — And is not all this plainly made out? Is not the whole House in a Quandary, and a terrible Uproar? Is not the 'Squire, as it were, turn'd to another sort of a Man, and mainly alter'd for the worse? And are not Mrs. *Jervis* and Mrs. *Pamela* discharg'd out of their Service, and order'd to provide for themselves?

*Isa.* Aye, and does not Master *Longman*, the Steward, say the 'Squire talks of sending for that Mrs. *Jewkes*?

*Arth.* Aye, and then comes our Share of this woeful Dream!

*Har.* Well, but, my Lads, I have some Sweet to my Bitter too — I over-heard Master *Longman* tell Mrs. *Jervis*, the 'Squire was looking out for a Wife, and that will be a rare Time for Vails, for, to be sure, we shall have more Comers and Goers than a Bee-hive in a Summer's Day.

## A I R III. Under the Greenwood Tree.

*Let's join our Hands, like honest Boys,  
 And wish him a good Wife;  
 Which ne'er can fail to crown our Joys,  
 And set all Matters right.  
 Come, let's away, and drink his Health,  
 And to the Lady fair;  
 And may they neither want for Wealth,  
 Nor every Year an Heir.*

Om. *Come, let's away, &c.*

[Exit.]

## S C E N E II.

*Enter Mr. LONGMAN and Mrs. JERVIS.*

*Mrs. Jerv.* I hope, Mr. Longman, you find every  
 every Thing properly and justly accounted for?

*Mr. Long.* So justly, good Mrs. Jervis, that I am  
 under the utmost Concern to find our Master's Behavi-  
 our so inconsistent with his Interest, to discharge a Per-  
 son from his Family, who has many Years, with such  
 Prudence and Justice, so well acquitted her Trust.

*Mrs. Jerv.* Your Approbation of my Conduct, Mr.  
 Longman (next to that of our Master's) is its best Justi-  
 fication.

*Mr. Long.* You have more than that, Mrs. Jervis,  
 the Approbation and good Wishes of the whole Family,  
 which rarely happens to go Hand in Hand with a Fru-  
 gality like yours, for the good Opinion of the lower-  
 Servants in a Family is but seldom obtain'd, but by  
 Indulgencies hurtful to the Interest of its Master—  
 And I cou'd wish you'd give me Leave (for the Advan-  
 tage and Pleasure of ours) to solicit Mr. Belville for  
 your Continuance.

*Mrs. Jerv.* Indeed, *Mr. Longman*, there are many prevailing Reasons to accept your kind Offer with Pleasure: And what I am apt to think may induce his Honour not to reject it, is the Removal of the dear, unhappy, tho' innocent Occasion of his Resentment to me.

*Mr. Long.* Ye mean *Pamela*! — Oh, *Mrs. Jervis*! I fear another Motive, which your Discretion and Regard to my Master's Honour has conceal'd, that renders his Resentment, as you term it, inexcusable to both.

*Mrs. Jerv.* But his complying with *Pamela*'s Entreaties, to be sent home to her Father and Mother, I look upon as a sufficient Proof of his Resolution no longer to entertain Thoughts that might (as you but too justly suspect) prove hurtful to poor *Pamela*'s Virtue, and his own Honour.

*Mr. Long.* 'Tis true — and I am rejoiced to find the Temptation will be remov'd from both; for 'twou'd be a hard Task, *Mrs. Jervis*, for *Pamela*, strong as she is in Virtue, to withstand the artful, insinuating Snares of a handsome wealthy Man, like our Master; and I fear a much harder for him to overcome his too warm Desire for so tempting an Object, were they to have constant Opportunities of seeing each other.

*Mrs. Jerv.* I shou'd have few Fears on her Side, were I sure he would employ no other Power than Persuasion.

*Mr. Long.* Why I think the young Creature's almost unequal'd, by any of her tender Years, in the Principles of Piety and Virtue — And it gives me unspeakable Pleasure and Satisfaction, that one so young should so earnestly prefer sharing the Poverty of her aged Parents, with the Preservation of her Honesty, to all the enticing Baits of Finery and Grandeur, with the Loss of it — But 'tis now pretty near the Time his Honour order'd me to attend him in his Closet with your Accounts, and then I'll take an Opportunity to give him my Opinion in relation to you — *Mrs. Jervis*, a good Day to you.

*Mrs. Jerv.* And to you, worthy *Mr. Longman*.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E

## SCENE III.

BELVILE *alone.*

How weakly founded is the Opinion that Happiness is seated in large Possessions! — Tho' till lately I have had but little Reason to dissent from that Opinion, and have ever made my Fortune subservient to my Pleasures — Indeed I may *hope* to do so still — But what is Hope to an impatient Lover! — 'Tis a vain Shadow! — Fortune's cheating Lottery! where for one Prize a thousand Blanks turn up — Fond Archer, Hope! — who tak'st thy Aim so far, nought but Uncertainties abound — Thin, empty Cloud, away! — I'll *hope* no longer for what I every Moment can force from her — But, oh! — her Virtue! — Honour! — Reputation lies at Stake! — There's the Shock! — [*Pausing*] — Oh! — 'twould be high Ingratitude to force her! — I cannot, must not, do an Act so mean — And, Gods! to be without her, quite distracts me! — Such Beauty! Virtue! Innocence! — Such a Heaven of Love! — Oh! let me think of her no more, but drive her from my Thoughts! —

*Our Reason's weak, and Passions are too strong;  
We know what's right, but, oh! we act what's wrong.*  
[Exit.]

## SCENE IV.

*Enter* LONGMAN.

*Long.* Bless me! — He seem'd much disturb'd! — Heavens guard him! — I'll follow him however; tho' I greatly fear I but too well know the Occasion of his Uneasiness. — Oh, *Pamela*! my Heart beats for thee! — Good Heaven protect thee, thou Miracle of Virtue!  
[Exit.]

## SCENE V.

BELVILE and LONGMAN.

*Belv.* But here comes *Longman* — I must be on my Guard, or his prying Eyes will discover my Uneasiness —

ness — Well, Mr. *Longman*, have you look'd over this insolent House-keeper's Accounts?

*Long*. I have, Sir; and find them in every Article just to a Tittle — and I hope, Sir, you'll not be offended if I presume to say, I fear 'twill be difficult for your Honour to meet with a Servant with less Insolence, and so much Fidelity.

*Belv*. So then you imagine the chief Merit of Servants consists in their Honesty!

*Long*. I confess, Sir, I think it is so in all Mankind.

*Belv*. 'Tis a Sign thou hast convers'd but little with the gay World — Amongst them the strongest Cement of Regard is the mutual Indulgence of each others Pleasures — and Morals make up no Part of their Friendships — but in Servants 'tis an absolute Duty, to conform to their Master's Foibles, and shew an implicit Obedience to all his Commands —

*Long*. May I take the Liberty, Sir, of giving my Opinion on this Head, tho' it differs from yours?

*Belv*. Freely.

*Long*. Why then, Sir, were it possible, and I think it hardly so, that your Honour should impose any Commands on me, which my little Portion of Reason inform'd me would prove prejudicial to your Morals, Character, and Reputation, I should think myself as much bound in Duty to reject such Commands, and use my weak Endeavours to convince you of their Consequence, as I have thought myself bound to obey you in all you have hitherto been pleas'd to honour me with.

*Belv*. Sure he has no Suspicion of my Attempts on *Pamela* [*aside*] — But, Mr. *Longman*, do you think me capable of imposing any Commands on Mrs. *Jervis*, that might prove pernicious to my Honour?

*Long*. Pardon me, good Sir! — you were pleas'd to mention an implicit Duty necessary in Servants, and that drew from me my Opinion.

*Belv*. Perhaps I might — but as the Sentiments of others, not my own — and I am so well convinc'd of Mrs. *Jervis's* Regard, both to my Honour and Interest,

terest, that now my Passion has subsided, were she to make a Concession, I would restore her.

*Long.* Sir, she makes the humblest, and by me intreats your Goodness to replace her.

*Belv.* Did she employ you for that Purpose?

*Long.* She did, Sir, and I hope not in vain.

*Belv.* Well, she may continue — But what says *Pamela*?

*Long.* Oh! Sir — the poor young Creature is so much transported with the Thoughts of returning, and paying her Duty to her good Parents, she seems little employ'd about any other Concern, yet often expresses the most grateful Acknowledgments for the bountiful Favours bestowed on her by you, Sir, and my good Lady, your Mother.

*Belv.* You mistake her, *Longman*! — she's quite insensible to all Gratitude, and looks upon 'em merely as due to her great Merit.

*Long.* Merit, Sir! — with Submission, I have always observ'd in her the greatest Meekness and Humility, and that's the Character the whole Family gives her.

*Belv.* Aye, she's a very Idol with you all! — But no more of her — Order *Robin*, my *Lincolnshire* Coachman, to attend me an Hour hence.

*Long.* I shall, Sir.

[Exit,

## SCENE VI.

BELVILE alone.

I find, in spite of all my Pride and Resolution, *Pamela* still is fluttering round my Heart! — Such Innocence! — Such Virtue! — But what have I to do with Virtue! — Begone! — I give it to the Wind! — Torment of Mind! I dash thee from me — Thou ungrateful Chain, who long has held me like a fetter'd Slave, I'll now regard no longer, but fly, and enjoy the Feast the Gods have sent me, and surfeit on the Beauties of *Pamela*! [Going, but returns] — Yet hold! — This Rashness may undo me quite! — How can I answer such a shocking Act, to deprive her of a Happiness,



pinefs, which will never be in my Power to reftore her! — The Deed's not done — I will not rob her of her Innocence and Virtue, but let her Soul preferve its native Whitenefs — Oh! give me Mufick! 'twill eafe my troubled Breaf [Soft Mufick heard] — That Strain again! [Mufick heard again] — Oh! it had a dying Fall! —

*Beauty is Mufick too, tho' in Difguife,  
Too fine to touch the Ear — it ftrikes the Eyes!*

[Exit.

### SCENE VII.

BUTLER and KITTY.

*But.* You know, *Kitty*, 'tis not in my Power to deny you any Thing — But, on my Word, they are all in-fufferable Fellows! — 'Tis but two Days fince you was intreating me not to report them to our Mafter; and now the Villains are in a worfe Condition than ever I faw 'em before! — In fhort, they'd live in the Cellar altogether, by their Goodwills.

*Kit.* Excufe 'em this time, and I'll be bound for their future Behaviour.

*But.* Ah, *Kitty*! [*embracing her*] The Rogues will drink till they drown themfelves!

*Kit.* Never fear — they'll fleep it off —

*But.* And To-morrow Morning will begin frefh and fafting — In fhort, they'll oblige me to give up the Keys of the Cellar — tho' I muft own, I fould not choofe to make 'em Mifchief for the fmall Time we fhall ftay in the Family.

*Kit.* Not only that; but, as we propofe to fettle in the publick Way, fuch Treatment may lofe us their Cuftom — And we fould prefer our own Good, to the Intereft of any others whatever.

A I R



## A I R IV. Dame of Honour.

*Let all the World say what they will,  
'Tis Int'rest alone that guides us;  
Nor shall we care how much they gill,  
When they set themselves beside us.  
To Roger, or Hob — you're welcome, Sir,  
—— You're welcome, Sirs, most kindly;  
— A Kiss for the 'Squire — and welcome, Sir,  
O welcome, Sir, most kindly.*

*But. Kiss me Kitry! [embracing her] — I must own  
you'll make the most polite, industrious Landlady be-  
tween our Town and London.*

*Kit. Aye, truly, my Dear, I shall be ready to open  
House, before you get the Sign out.*

*But. What must our Sign be?*

*Kit. Sign be! — Indeed I'll this Minute break off  
with you, if you talk at this rate — I always told  
you it should be Admiral Vernon drawn to the Life.*

*But. With all my Heart — And that two brave  
honest Men may be together, let it be under-written,  
in large golden Letters, Thomas Spiggot's best October.*

*Then, my dear Lads, what Cause have we to fear,  
Guarded by Vernon, and our own strong Beer.*

[Exeunt, Hand in Hand.]

*End of the First Act.*



## A C T II. S C E N E I.

*Enter HARRY, ISAAC, and ARTHUR, with a Pot and Glass in his Hand, all near drunk.*

ARTHUR.

COME, my Lads [*filling a Glass*] there is nothing like a Hair of the same Dog — And now we are once more all met together, let's agree to speak to our House-keeper, to allow us Candle to rest by — for I had a most abominable, dark, doleful, dismal Night on't.

*Har.* Aye, and I'm restless too — my Head turn'd round all Night like a Whirle-gig.

*Isa.* Whirlegig! ha, ha, ha — Indeed nothing troubles me, but I can't sleep for thinking.

*Arth.* Come, drink — Indeed we all think too much — too much indeed! — But then my Dream! — my last Night's Dream troubles me sorely! — For what Condition must a Man be in, when he sees long, streaming, flaming Fire in the Air all the Night thro'! — burning, shooting, shining, and threat'ning to burst every Minute on our Heads?

*Isa.* We had better all lie in the Cellar for fear — and then we may bid a bold Defiance to both Fire and Water.

A I R

A I R I. Over the Hills and far away.

*When Courage fails, and Spirits sink,  
Which is, my Lads, our present Case,  
There's no Relief, like a good Drink,  
So let's away to the old Place \*.  
Then we our Dangers will defy;  
We'll drive all Terror from each Heart;  
What Souls can fear, when Liquor's by,  
To cure their Ills, before they part?  
No frightful Dreams shall us surprize,  
Nor Glances wound, from Dolly's Eyes;  
We'll shew th' World, we're bold and wise,  
So let's away, my jolly Boys!*

*Har.* But as we are Men of Sense and Parts, let us act like such—This is no Time for Singing and Roaring!—*Arthur's* Dream seems to threaten Vengeance; and I think it ought to be very wisely debilitated upon!—Therefore let us, while we are thus happily got together, represent the Case (with all its most frightful, shocking, horrible, and dreadful Circumstances) in the most conceiveable Manner, to our 'Squire.

*Arth.* And to some other of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace, now under Commission.

*Har.* But 'tis first proper, that we shou'd have an exact Representation once more of *Arthur's* Case, that thereby we may be the more able; or, more properly speaking, in Terms both of Law and Justice, prop, stand by, support, aid, abet and strengthen, his Argument, or Arguments, which may be set forth, or come greeting—

*Isa.* Aye, *Arthur*, let *Harry* set forth your Case—he has serv'd almost a 'Prenticeship as Clerk to a Justice of the *Quorum*.

\* Pointing to the Cellar.

D

*Arth.*

*Arth.* Right — Why then it may, in the most proper Manner be most expressly mention'd and set forth, as a dark, dismal, and most frightful Dream!

*Isa.* Hold, *Arthur* — three Heads must be better than one — It will, I humbly conceive, be a Contradiction in Terms, to call your Dream a dark one, which consisted of, and contain'd nothing but Light.

*Har.* That is nothing at all, *Isaac* — we that understand Law, know how to prove Dark, Light; and Light, Dark — there is nothing easier — But it will be necessary, however, to strengthen *Arthur's* Dream by both our Evidence.

*Isa.* Aye, aye; it will so — Now, for my Part, I can swear I not only saw the Light come rushing in at the Window, but I heard *Arthur* dream of a great Stream of Fire, with a long Tail.

*Har.* And I myself can testify and make Oath, that I plainly perceiv'd it come rushing in at the Door.

*Arth.* Aye, that will be sufficient to prove the Badness of our Case, and shew our Circumstances ought to be supported by comfortable Things.

*Isa.* We must take one Step more to set this Matter on a right Footing — It will be highly proper to call this monstrous Appearance by some Name, Stile, or Title.

*Arth.* Let it be call'd a flaming, fiery Sword, dreadful and shocking to Mankind!

*Har.* No, no — call it a burning Comet.

*Omn.* Aye, aye — a Comet! a Comet! a burning Comet!

*Har.* Let's away to the Cellar, and baptise it by that Name.

'Tis Comet-like, agreed by all,  
And seldom seen, but great Men fall.

[Exeunt.]

PAMELA discover'd at a Table, folding up a Letter.

Well! my dear Father and Mother, thank Heaven, this will be the last Scrowl you'll be troubled with from  
your

your poor *Pamela*! — And I have no Fears about me, but that I shall return to you innocent as your Wishes, and my own—Tho' Heaven has been pleased to put me upon the severest Trials for its Preservation — But let me not repine! — No, my Heart should rather over-flow with Thankfulness at my happy, blest Deliverance, and my Master's Resolution, in permitting me to return to my dear Parents, with that Blessing which will cheer their honest Minds, and make 'em shed Tears of Joy and Gladness over their innocent Child, tho' almost beat down with Poverty and old Age.

[Wiping her Eyes.

A I R II. Grim King of the Ghosts, &c.

*Sure Woman was ne'er so distress'd,*

*As I for a long Time have been!*

*To get out on't, O I shall be bless'd,*

*Such Thralldom no Virgin was in!*

*What Hopes could I ever conceive,*

*From Actions so rash, and so vain?*

*For soon as the Fair One does believe,*

*She's treated with Scorn and Disdain.*

*Of Wretches, they're sure most forlorn,*

*Who credit what Flatterers say!*

*Thank Heaven, I hold 'em in Scorn,*

*Who do to such Passions give way.*

*For, alas! how oft will Men try,*

*To delude, and ruin the Fair!*

*'Tis better for Woman to die,*

*Than be caught in the Flatterer's Snare.*

Enter Mrs. JERVIS.

*Jerv.* What! still disconsolate, my dear *Pamela*? I thought thy Heart had now been easy, and thou hadst done with Tears.

*Pam.* With all that gave me Pain, I hope I have; but these, Mrs. *Jervis*, fall from a quite different Cause; the reflecting on the comfortable Joy, I shall both give and receive, in meeting my good old Parents.

*Jerv.* Well! thou art a Miracle of Innocence and Duty! — I shall never be able to bear the House when thou art gone — 'twill break my Heart — but let me hear from thee, my dearest *Pamela*, and don't forget me.

*Pam.* Dear Mrs. *Jervis*, I shou'd have little Title to that Goodness and Merit you have often praised in me, cou'd I be capable of forgetting that tender, and even motherly Affection you have always shewn me; and be assur'd, next the Love and Duty I owe my dear Parents, you have the largest Share in the Heart of poor *Pamela*, who can only testify her Gratitude by Words.

*Jerv.* Dear *Pamela*, I want no other Proofs — but why dost thou keep on these Cloaths still? — Are you resolv'd to go in them?

*Pam.* They are the most proper; for these I can wear without Reproach from my poor Neighbours, or to myself, as the Fruit of Innocence alone, and honest Industry.

*Jerv.* So you may many others, my good old Lady gave you.

*Pam.* They'll all appear too fine and flaunting for my humble Station! —

*Jerv.* Thou art a dear, prudent Soul! — Well, *Pamela*, his Honour has order'd the travelling Chariot to carry you, and *Lincolnshire Robin* to drive; but he directed me to tell you, he must see you before you go, and that he has something particular to advise you about.

*Pam.* What! am I to undergo more Persecution!

*Jerv.*

*Jerv.* Don't be alarm'd, Child — he seems quite chang'd, and reflected, with great Concern, upon the Injuries he had offer'd you; and I verily think you might even venture to stay; which, with a very serious, grave Look, he order'd me to tell you, you might, if you thought proper, without the least Apprehensions of his renewing his Attempts upon you.

*Pam.* That may be true — and, for his sake, I hope it is — but staying wou'd be a strong Inducement to the renewing his Attempts, since that would give him sufficient Reason to conclude, my resenting his Treatment was (what I have heard it call'd) the little Artifice and Cunning of my Sex — and not a determin'd Resolution to preserve my Innocence.

*Jerv.* Well, thou art best able to distinguish, and I'll not pretend to give my Advice, where there's such Prudence and Understanding — but I think, however, 'twill be necessary to see him, since he has requested it in such a Manner.

*Pam.* Wou'd he had not requested it; for, notwithstanding this Alteration of Behaviour you describe, my Apprehensions of seeing him, bring back to my Remembrance all his pernicious Plots, and barbarous Usage of me — and yet, if I refuse it, he'll reproach me with Insolence and Ingratitude, and a Multitude of Crimes my poor Heart's a Stranger to.

*Jerv.* Come, come, my dear *Pamela*, be comforted; I am certain you may see him safely, and that his Repentance is sincere.

*Pam.* Heaven grant it may.

*But still my Heart is torn with anxious Pain,  
And doubts his Power, his Virtue to maintain.*

[Exeunt.]



BELVILE alone.

If I can't prevail upon *Pamela* to stay, I shall have a severe Lecture from my outrageous Sister; she'll conclude I have storm'd the Fort, and not finding the Plunder answer my Expectation, have just carry'd off what I thought most valuable, and left the commanding Officer to dispose of what remains in the best Manner she can —

Enter Mrs. JERVIS.

*Jerv.* Sir, *Pamela* attends without, and waits your Commands.

*Belv.* Bid her come in.

[Exit Mrs. Jervis.]

A I R III. Tweed Side.

*How tedious the Minutes have past,  
Depriv'd of the Sight of that Fair;  
No Comfort from others I taste,  
I'm sad, if my Pammy's not there.  
No sooner her Beauties I view,  
But my Heart is again set on Fire;  
To give the dear Pammy her Due,  
No Monarch cou'd fairer desire.*

Enter PAMELA.

*Belv.* My dear *Pamela*, [*embracing her*] no Ceremony now! — You shou'd no longer look upon yourself in the Character of a Servant!

*Pam.* It would be the highest Presumption, Sir, to consider myself in any other Character, and the Remembrance of it will always fill me with the most grateful, pleasing Thoughts.

*Belv.* If the bare Recollection can furnish such pleasing Idea's, I should conclude the Continuance of the Possession

Possession might be desirable — and that — *Pamela*,  
wholly depends upon your own Choice.

A I R IV. At St. Ofsyth by the Mill.

*From me you ne'er shall part,  
So long as Life remains,  
For, oh! you've won my Heart,  
Then pity Lovers Pains:  
Nought but yourself can ease  
The Torments I endure,  
You gave me the Disease,  
And you alone can cure.* [Embracing her.

*Pam.* Sir, I beg, for Heaven's sake, you'll give me  
Leave to withdraw! — Thus, on my Knees, I beg it  
of you!

*Belv.* You shall not stir, by Heaven! [Laying hold  
on her.

A I R IV. O ponder well, &c.

*Consider well, O Sir, most dear,  
How you your Honour stain;  
Your Actions make me quake for fear  
— Wou'd I were Home again.*

*No wanton Thoughts run in my Mind,  
I scorn a wicked Thing,  
Nor should I be that Way inclin'd,  
Tho' tempted by a King.*

*Belv.* This Ufuaqe quite distracts me! [*Aside.*] Well,  
Madam, since my Friendship meets with so ungrateful  
a Reception, you are at Liberty to pursue what Reso-  
lutions you please.

*Pam.*

*Pam.* I humbly thank you, Sir; but let me intreat you not to think so hardly of the unhappy *Pamela*, low as she is, to interpret that ungrateful, which was the Effect of Duty, and a Desire to enjoy that Liberty, which even Slaves are allow'd on such Occasions.

*Enter HARRY.*

*Har.* Lady *Davers*, Sir, is just alighted.

*Belv.* I'll wait upon her. [*Exit Harry.*]

The Chariot, Madam, is ready to wait upon you.

*Pam.* My humblest Acknowledgments, Sir, for this, and every other bounteous Favour I have received; I have no Power to express, but by these silent Witnesses of their Sincerity and Truth. [*Exit, weeping.*]

*Belv.* Certainly, Art and Nature were never so agreeably blended, as in this Creature; every Moment, I find myself more deeply affected by her, and the oftner I turn, am but the farther entangled in this Labyrinth—But I had forgot my Sister. [*Exit.*]

*Enter SMATTER.*

Ha, ha, ha! So poor *Belvile's* dying for Love of his own Maid!—What weak trifling Mortals some Men of Fortune are! If this *Abigail* is really coy, she has certainly seen some more desirable Object—A Girl, with a Country Education, may have Taste, and who knows what Effects my frequent Visits may have had upon her—I'll pursue the Thought—But then *Belvile* is my Friend—True—But then *Pamela* is warm, young, and tempting; and the Fashion, thanks to the polite Taste of the Age, will excuse the Consequences; so, my dear *Pammy*, have at you—Ha! here she comes a-propos.

*PAMELA crossing the Stage, SMATTER meets her.*

So, my little *Pammy*! What! equip'd for thy Journey? And art thou really, Child, so extremely stupid, to leave the Pleasure and Gaiety of this Family, for thy old Daddy's thatch'd Hovel, and the comfortable Diet of brown Bread, and rusty Bacon?

*Pam,*

*Pam.* My Pleasures, Sir, thank Heaven, have turn'd more upon the Improvement and Correction of my Mind, than the Gratifications of my Appetite.

A I R VI. What tho' I am a Country Lass.

*No stately Grandeur shall entice,*

*Nor tempt me to do Ill-a;*

*I'll shun the Great, and hate their Vice,*

*To live in Cottage still-a;*

*Tho' poor, I'm rich; with Mind at Ease,*

*No Fears can e'er alarm-a;*

*I pity those, whom Trifles please,*

*And fluttering Coxcombs charm-a!*

*Smat.* Harkee, Child, what Religion's your Father of? — A rank Papist I'll hold fifty Pounds! and my little *Pammy* here intended for a Nun — for such Doctrine, Child, is fit only for a Convent, or a stale Maid of five and thirty.

*Pam.* I think it, Sir, a Doctrine suitable to every Religion and Age; and if the young Gentlemen of Condition would practice it a little more, they might often preserve a good Constitution, at the Expence of a very bad Fashion.

*Smat.* Rat me, Child, but thy Head's stuff'd with mighty odd Conceits — But, harkee, *Pammy* —

*Pam.* Sir, I must beg Pardon, I am waited for —

*Smat.* Egad! if I had you a Month in *London*, I'd give you a smart Lesson or two, should quickly convert all this musty Prudery, into the most sprightly Coquetry that ever shew'd off at high Mall in the Park.

*Pam.* I'm better pleas'd, Sir, with my own homely Behaviour — Your very humble Servant, Sir. [*Exit.*]

*Smat.* Well, thou art a most extraordinary Creature, and such a one, that has not fallen in the Course of my Acquaintance! — If I were to describe this Girl's odd Principles to the Smarts in Town, they'd swear I only intended to bam 'em, and could never form the most distant

distant Idea of such an amazing Composition, as Beauty, Sense, Sixteen, and profound Gravity.

*But Madam Nature, in a haughty Fit,  
Decreed, these jarring Qualities should hit;  
As those in me, of Modesty and Wit.* } [Exit.

Enter BELVILE and ROBIN.

*Belv.* You perfectly understand your Instructions?

*Rob.* Yes, an't please your Honour.

*Belv.* Well, discharge 'em properly, and I'll reward you; but take particular Care in being punctual to the Time, I have directed you to deliver the Letter to *Pamela*.

*Rob.* I shall, Sir.

*Belv.* I Believe she only waits for you, be gone.

[Exit Robin.

This Scheme can't but prove effectual.—at my *Lincolnshire* House, she'll be remov'd from the prying Jealousy of my inquisitive Sister, and the impertinent Observation of such a Number of Servants: And, if I'm not mistaken, my Friend *Mrs. Jewkes* has not altogether so many Qualms, as the sanctify'd *Mrs. Jervis*—It must do—but the Pleasure of considering, I shall so intirely have her in my Power, is not a little disturb'd, by reflecting how terribly the poor Creature will be shock'd, at finding that Innocence betray'd, she has so long, and worthily defended—Ha!—worthily!—And am I endeavouring to destroy that Worth, I cannot help admiring!—To what irrational Lengths does this Passion hurry us!—What is this Medley of Honour and impetuous Inclination,

*That thus alternately my Breast alarms,*

*Which now so sharply stings, and now so strongly charms?*

Enter Lady DAVERS, and *Mrs. JERVIS*.

*L. Dav.* Nay—there must have been something more than ordinary between my Brother and *Pamela*, by his Behaviour to her!

*Jerv.* I dare answer, Madam, for *Pamela's* Innocence.

*L. Dav.* 'Tis mighty strange, the Lady shou'd have the Chariot order'd to attend her!—You may depend upon

upon it, Mrs. Jervis, this particular Mark of Favour is not without its particular Motives; and yet, in the Girl's Behaviour there really appear'd no Signs of Guilt— However, I am determin'd to make a strict Enquiry after her Ladyship's Conduct at her Father's, and what Rambles and Jaunts my good Brother takes— They shall manage their Affairs cunningly indeed, if they disguise 'em from my Knowledge— And if they do carry on any secret Correspondence— I'll take Care it sha'n't long continue so, I warrant me. [Exeunt.

Enter BUTLER and KITTY.

But. Well, Kitty, I foresee how Matters are to be order'd— But as it is our Place to be mum, we have nothing farther to do, than what any Fools may— hold our Tongues.

Kit. True, my Dear!— Bless me! I had like to have been too free! Tho' I know, you'll excuse me.

But. Indeed, Kitty, I think we can neither of us be too free, as we are to be marry'd next Week.

A I R VII. Come hither pretty Lads. Part I.

*Can I view my charming Fair,*

*And not be drawing near*

*To salute her with one kind Kiss, Kiss, Kiss!*

*I wish the Knot was ty'd,*

*That Spiggot, and his Bride,*

*Might indulge themselves in Joy, and Bliss, Bliss,  
Bliss!*

Both. *I wish the Knot, &c.*

But. But yonder's Mr. Longman, and Mrs. Jervis— D'ye think, Kitty, they have not a Respect for each other?

Kit. Aye, a very great one— they'll soon follow our Example.

*'Tis said, one Marriage seldom comes alone;*

*Their's hit, or miss, we'll celebrate our own.*

[Exeunt.

*End of the Second Act.*



## A C T III. S C E N E I.

*Enter Mrs. JERVIS and ROBIN.*

**W**ELL, *Robert*, I profess thou hast brought me a delicate Piece of Temptation! — The 'Squire loves a Tit-bit — but I vow he's a sinful Man to undo such a young, innocent Body — let him look to that, though — we are but Servants.

*Rob.* Althouf I am but a Servant, an I had not believed he design'd for Matrimony, I wou'd not have underta'en the Job of bringing her off.

*Jewk.* Matrimony! — alack-a-day, *Robert*, dost thou think so fine a Gentleman as our Master wou'd undervalue his Family so much to marry his Mother's Waiting-woman? — No, no; perhaps he may design indeed to give out they are married, to quiet the young Woman's Mind a little — but I'll warrant he'll ne'er let the Noose be drawn so tight, but he may slip it whenever he pleases.

*Rob.* For my part, if any thing amifs shou'd happen to the poor young Woman, I shall never be my own Man again — and she's mortal fearful on't — poor Soul, 'twou'd make one's Heart bleed to see her take on so.

*Jew.* I warrant, when the 'Squire comes, he'll change her Note — young Girls are always squeamish and coy before-hand — I remember I was so myself — Good lack! good lack! what a Racket did I keep! — and, to say Truth, I wou'd I had been more chary than I was — for a faithless Wretch I met with — well! — he has a deal to answer for.

*Rob.* So he has, if he has all your Sins to answer for — (*Aside.*)

*Jewk.* But I must look to my Charge. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter*



Enter PAMELA.

Wretched *Pamela*! — What secret Crime hast thou committed against offended Heaven, that it shou'd thus provoke its Vengeance to afflict thee? *Examine well thy inmost Thoughts*, 'tis said, contents the Child of Innocence — if so — some hidden Guilt must surely lurk within my Breast, that fatally, tho' justly, robs me of the Blessing; and yet does Heaven afflict thus heavily for Crimes unknown? — Such I shou'd conceive are almost uncommitted — but 'tis Presumption, in Minds best qualify'd to judge, vainly to search the immeasurable Decrees of Heaven — What then is thine, thou weak, thou daring Wretch! — Cease thy Complaint, and search the Cause that thus abandons thee to Ruin, that robs thee of the promis'd Joys thou fondly hop'st to meet from thy dear, expecting, disappointed Parents — that has betray'd thee to thy approaching Misery, will utterly destroy thy everlasting Peace — and sink their Age with bitterest Anguish to the Grave.

A I R I. 'Twas when the Seas were roaring.

*To Men, those cruel Creatures,*

*The Fair oft Victims fall;*

*Inconstant in their Natures,*

*Tho' they swear Love to all.*

*And those, who most have trusted*

*To Vows which such have made,*

*Find themselves greatly worsted,*

*— Deceit with Man's a Trade.*

Enter Mrs. JEWKES.

*Jewk.* What, Chicken! — nothing but sighing and sobbing! — To whom hast thou disposed thy little Heart, that thus it pants and mopes to be with him?

*Pam.* Whatever, Madam, the Motives are of this unhappy Grief, Solitude will best assuage, and Conversation but indulge, and more provoke.

E

*Jewk.*

*Jewk.* Good lack! good lack! my very Case, when I was young, to a Tittle.

*Pam.* Alas! too well you know the Sorrows that afflict my Heart, and may, if you are endu'd with that Regard to Innocence and Virtue your Sex and Years demand, remove the fatal Cause.

*Jewk.* I'll take Care thy Innocence and Virtue shan't be betray'd — I'll preserve 'em safe, I warrant thee — Aye, Chicken, never fear; I'll bolt, and bar, and lock, to secure thee.

*Pam.* O! you mistake my Meaning much; will you, with Heaven, assist the pious Act of sending me forthwith to my distress'd, unhappy Parents, to calm their Doubts, and quiet all their anxious Fears?

*Jewk.* Ods my Life! — Send thee! — No, no, not for all the Tythes of this Parish, and the next! — I am order'd to let thee command all the House, but the Doors, and those remain under my Direction.

*Pam.* Why did I fondly hope Relief from one grown old in Sin, and harden'd in Iniquity? [*Aside.*

*Enter Mr. WILLIAMS.*

*Will.* Mrs. Jewkes, your Servant.

*Jewk.* My young Levite, I'm glad to see thee; I'll present you to this pretty little Stranger — anon, I'll inform you who she is — Mrs. Pamela, the 'Squire's Lincolnshire Chaplain, Mr. Williams.

*Will.* Madam, you're welcome to Pleasant-Hall. [*Salute.*

*Pam.* I thank you, Sir — but — [*Sighing.*

*Will.* Some heavy Melancholy seems to hang on her Spirits. [*Aside, to Mrs. Jewkes.*

*Jewk.* Common to all the Girls in Christendom of her Age — she's in Love, my young Chaplain; which is no such mighty Crime, wou'd she make a right Choice, by which Means she may be the happiest Woman in all England — But I'll leave you to give her a little wholesome Advice, while I give some Orders within. [*Exit.*

*Pam.* Sure 'tis impossible he can be made an Agent in this foul Conspiracy! [*Aside.*

*Will.*

*Will.* Pardon me, fair One, if I am deceiv'd — but in your Looks, methinks, there seems a kind of doubtful Apprehension of some approaching Danger —

*Pam.* Alas! too well you are acquainted, Sir, with the distress'd Condition of my Heart — Indeed I am beset with Terrors; Terrors, that wou'd bespeak a Breast, endu'd but with the slightest Touches of Humanity, in my Behalf — I am divided, torn from my distressed Parents, and forced hither with an impious black Design to have my Innocence and Youth become the Sacrifice of brutal Violence!

*Will.* There is an artless Fervour in your Grief, that might awake Compassion, even in the cruel Authors of your Woe.

*Pam.* Surely, that Providence, still watchful over-injur'd Innocence, intends the Merit of its Rescue from your Hands.

*Will.* That will require farther Time to deliberate on, than now we can afford; but be assur'd, I'm bound to you in every Wish that you can form for your Deliverance — But, pray, is Mrs. Jewkes concern'd as an Abettor in this detested Scheme?

*Pam.* Chiefly, chiefly — to her I am consign'd — This Letter (which was given me, as I imagine, thro' Mistake, by the Coachman who brought me hither) will open the whole Scene of Villany [*Gives him a Letter*] — But I hear her coming — I'll retire, and wait some favourable Occasion for your friendly Counsel and Assistance.

*Will.* Depend on both. [*Exit Pamela.*]  
This injur'd Creature's Story, and her affecting Manner in relating it, awake a tender Softness in my Breast, beyond the usual Motives to Compassion — I'll examine the Contents of this Letter, which I perceive is directed to Mrs. Jewkes, by the 'Squire's own Hand, and then fly to the Assistance of injur'd Innocence. [*Exit.*]

*Enter ROBERT and Mrs. JEWKES.*

*Rob.* I was so careful of my Tits, that I'd like to have forgot my other Business [*Feeling in his Pockets*]

— But I did drive 'em hard, that's the Truth on't — Oh, here 'tis — I knew I had a Letter for you, as well as for Mrs. *Pamela*. [Gives her the Letter.]

*Jewk*. [Looking at the Superscription.] Confusion! — This is directed to *Pamela*! — Undone! undone!

*Rob*. Nay, dear Madam, don't be in a Passion! If you don't like that Letter, why I'll get Mrs. *Pamela* to change it for t'other — There's no Harm done.

*Jewk*. This Blunder, Villain, shall cost you your Place, I'll promise you.

*Rob*. I hope not, as it was not done designedly, but purely for want of Learning, for I never could abide writ Hand.

*Jewk*. 'Twas your Duty, Rogue, to have brought me mine first, which would have prevented all the Mischief this Blunder must occasion! — The Creature was like to be uneasy, no doubt, on seeing the Contents of my Letter — Oh! I protest this Misfortune strangely affects me! — Lead me to my Closet, that I may get a comfortable Cordial to revive my Spirits.

[Robin leads her off.]

*PAMELA discover'd, sitting on a Bank in a Garden.*

This Garden, to Minds possess'd with easy, tranquil Thoughts, would lavishly afford Variety of Objects, to indulge a pleasing Contemplation; but my Affections, all o'ercome by Fear, shrink with that coward Passion from their Office, and meerly are become but frightened Infants of the Mind — thro' all the former Shocks I have sustain'd from this unworthy Man against my Innocence, still has that trembling, softning Passion, alone possess'd my Heart, while strong Resentment, and determin'd Hate, have seem'd to slumber there — Is it the Distance Fortune throws between us, bars my Hatred against the Offender, while I reflect, with honest Scorn and Indignation, on the Offence? Ha! be watchful, *Pamela* — nor let this soft insinuating Passion steal into thy Bosom, lest angry Heav'n, offended at thy bold Presumption, decree thy Innocence a Victim to thy

thy Pride — But see — the Instrument it graciously  
has sent, kindly dispos'd for my Deliverance.

## A I R II. The Broom, &amp;c.

*When Mortals think their Ruin near,  
And nought but Dangers see;  
A Friend, in Time, may interfere,  
And quickly set them free.*

Enter Mr. WILLIAMS.

*Will.* Madam, the Inquietude of Mind I have suffer'd in reflecting upon the melancholly Tale, you thought fit to entrust me with, made me impatient for an Opportunity of asking a few necessary Questions, which, when answer'd, will immediately confirm, or else remove my Fears in your Behalf — Pray, has Mr. Belville, in the general of his Conduct, given you any solid Reasons to believe his Designs were honourable?

*Pam.* Alas, too, too many, to convince me they were otherwise, nor cou'd my humble Heart once entertain a Thought, so daringly presumptuous.

*Will.* I did believe, indeed, this evil Woman had devis'd it, only to colour her pernicious Part, in this intended Scene of black Iniquity, from me.

*Pam.* Oh! Sir, 'tis all Delusion, and too soon, alas, will the destructive Plan take Place, for every Moment my dreadful Apprehension is renew'd at the expected, near Approach of this Invader, who, doubtless, will be speedy to execute his impious Purpose.

*Will.* Your Fears too much alarm you — the Coachman, who brought you hither, informs me, the 'Squire design'd to set out for London, the Day you left the House.

*Pam.* Alas, they are all Confederates in this hateful Scheme, and Falshood is their only Practice — but, Sir, there is another pressing, tender Motive, heightens my Impatience, the anxious Terrors of my deceiv'd, un-

happy Parents, whose Age and Infirmities cannot sustain the Shock my Danger must alarm 'em with,

Will. Are they acquainted with Mr. Belville's Conduct towards you?

*Pam.* Yes, Sir, and therefore had commanded my Return to 'em.

Will. And do they know where you are now dispos'd of?

*Pam.* Oh! no—I was surpriz'd, and basely hurried hither, even on the very Day their Expectations had been fondly rais'd, to have receiv'd me, still happy in Possession of the only, but to them inestimable Dowry, my Truth and Innocence—

*Will.* And to preserve 'em still inviolate, I will concert some Means, this Night, if possible, for your Escape, and make myself, if you approve it, the Conductor of your Flight.

*Pam.* I cannot but approve the Guard of one, so strongly influenc'd in the Cause of helpless, injur'd Virtue.

*Enter ANNICE.*

*Ann.* Forsooth, Madam says, she fears you'll take Harm, the Wind blows so deadly sharp—— 'tis best you shou'd bide in the House.

*Pam.* Dissembling Courtesy! — soothing while it wounds — Come — [*Exit Pam. and Annice.*]

Will, Hypocrisy's the eldest born of Vice,  
Subtly obedient in its close Disguise,  
To guard its impious Parent from Surprise;  
Whose hideous Form, if naked to the View,  
Wou'd fright rash Vot'ries from its silken Clue.

[Exit.

*Enter* BELVILE and Mrs. JEWKES.

*Bel.* Your Observation is very just, Mrs. Jewkes.— For as the Fellow's Blunder, in delivering your Letter to *Pamela*, must inform her of our Design upon her, it will be only delaying my Happiness, to attempt any other Means but Force — At Twelve To-night order my  
Servants



# VIRTUE REWARDED.

55

Servants to Bed — And *Pamela* to the Red Room, as that will be most proper for the Design.

*Jewk.* You may depend on your Commands being punctually obey'd, by your faithful humble Servant — But as your Arrival at *Pleasant-Hall* is yet a Secret to the Servants, it is proper it should remain so — For they have prying Eyes —

*Bel.* Dear Mrs. *Jewkes*, I put myself intirely under your Direction — In the mean Time, my Horse, which I left at the Publick House, the End of the Lane, must be remov'd, to prevent Suspicion.

*Jewk.* That's one of your Honour's Tenants — and I'll be answerable for their Conduct.

*Bel.* Then dispose of me as you please, till the dear appointed Time of Twelve.

*Jewk.* I've provided a Place proper for your Honour's Reception.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter ROBIN.*

*Rob.* Aye — they have prying Eyes! — Well, if I do lose my Place, it shall be for something — A murrain on thee, for an old Beldam — what a plaguy Haridan 'tis! — If *Beelzebub* don't lay his Claws upon thee, for thy Baseness to poor Mrs. *Pamela*, 'tis much — And I shall be every whit as bad, if I don't let the poor young Body know the dreadful Plot I have overheard — but what will that avail? — It will be my best way to acquaint Master *Williams* of it, he may overthrow it by his Learning — In the Name of Goodness, I'll find him out, and disburthen my Conscience to him:

[*Exit.*]

*Enter Mrs. JEWKES.*

*Jewk.* Well, now I've secur'd his Honour, I'll this Minute order the Servants to Bed, that nothing may obstruct our Designs on *Pamela* — I can't say, poor Thing, but she'll be sadly put to't, to take up with so pretty a Gentleman as the 'Squire — I wish her Case was mine, there should need but few Words to the Bargain.

A I R



A I R III. *Phillis*, as her Wine she sipp'd in.

*Tho' I am not young, I'm willing;*

*E'er a Man for me should die,*

*We'd to Bed—and then to Billing,*

*Tal, lal, lal, lal,*

*I hate a Lass that's coy and shy.*

[Exit.

PAMELA discover'd in a Chamber, with Lights.

Why are our giddy Sex so vainly fond of Beauty?  
—Wou'd they reflect upon the various Dangers it involves 'em in, their Prudence wou'd destroy the little Pride, that glaringly obscures the Ills of Flattery's soothing Tongue, that certain Bane of an unguarded Innocence.

A I R IV. Come and listen to my Ditty,

*Beauty's but a fading Flower,*

*And so subject to Decay,*

*That one single Day, or Hour,*

*Often nips those Charms away.*

*But Contentment, greatest Blessing,*

*Human Creatures can adore;*

*That alone, is worth possessing,*

*Had I that, I'd ask no more.*

—Ha! — What can this mean! — My Master here!  
Now I'm a Wretch indeed! — O Heaven protect and save me, or I am lost for ever.

Enter BELVILE.

Bel. So, Madam, you are alone, it seems.

Pam. Wou'd I were.

[Aside.

Bel. I come now, determin'd to be reveng'd for all the Wrongs you've done my Love — I'll beg no more for that which I may seize — but thus —

[Laying hold of her.

*Pam.* You cannot mean it, Sir! — For Heaven's Sake!

*Bel.* Nay, no coying now — I have you in my Power — this Night shall make me blest'd [*Struggling with her*] — Come, come, you strive in vain.

*Pam.* [*Breaking from him*] You cannot, surely! — Nay, I think you dare not mean it! — Consider, Sir, one Act like this, for ever stains your Honour, and leaves a Mark of Infamy on all your Race to come —

*Bel.* Remember who you speak to! —

*Pam.* Sir, do you remember who you speak to — Had you ne'er sunk beneath the Master — I never had forgot the Duty of a Servant.

*Bel.* Come, come, no more — I am not to be trifled with, nor preach'd from what I've once determin'd — No — your Sex's little Arts, which you presume upon, and call 'em by the specious Name of Virtue, are all too thinly cover'd, to deceive me longer — The Mask is off, and now you stand confess'd, like Sin abandon'd by Hypocrisy:

*Pam.* I'm sorry, Sir, a just Contempt of Infamy is construed into Art and mean Hypocrisy! — But know, an honest Mind's above 'em both — therefore, good Sir, reflect, and think with Caution, your Passion robs you of your Reason; but when that Passion is subdu'd, by what Reason can you then be justify'd? — Your Heart condemns itself — for Vice will ever be pursu'd (even in the most abandon'd Minds) by Conscience and Remorse.

*Bel.* How she disarms my Resolution! [*Aside*] Come, my *Pamela* — Forgive the Folly of ungovern'd Passion, and let —

*Pam.* Nay, now, Sir, you descend too low, and —

*Bel.* By Heaven, I cannot — your Beauty makes you equal to the greatest, and Love like mine throws all Distinction down — Oh! if you knew with what a Warmth, with how much Tendernefs I languish for you, your softning Heart wou'd teach you to be kind, in Pity to the Fate of one, that cannot live without you.

*Pam.* Nay, now indeed you throw Distinction down, in trying to deceive so mean a Thing as me — What

pawn

pawn your Honour to your Servant, to give the Fool a flatt'ring Pretence to believe you, and then, through customary Pride, abandon her, and Honour too —  
No, Sir —

*Bel.* By Heav'n, this Scorn has turn'd my Love to Rage, and now, on my own Terms, you shall be mine! — My Heart was quick relapsing into Fondness, but this last Folly has recover'd me, and ruin'd you.

*[Again laying hold of her.]*

*Pam.* Oh! — Heav'n! assist, and help me now!

*Bel.* You call in vain for Help, there's no Protector near.

*Enter WILLIAMS from behind, and interposes.*

*Will.* Behold one here.

*Pam.* Ha! —

*Will.* Now Sir — nay, look not angrily — but rather thank that Heav'n, whose providential Care, by me, has sav'd you from a Crime that —

*Bel.* Confusion! — What! you have your Paramour! your Brave, clostet at Midnight — O! thou wrong'd Innocence! — thou virtuous — Hypocrite!

*Will.* Have a Care, Sir, nor meanly take such low Revenge as every common Wretch employs — Detraction — 'tis poor, beneath yourself, almost as much, as having done the Deed:

*Pam.* Good Heav'n! How came he here?

*Bel.* How came he! O! well dissembled Ignorance! — But now, my Love is like a long forgotten Dream; tho', by Heav'n, its Consequence shall prove fatal *[Going.]*

*Pam.* As for the Consequence of your mad Revenge — leave me but spotless, and the rest's indifferent to me.

*Bel.* As spotless as you are, I'm sure I shall — *[Going.]*

*Will.* Stay, Sir, and hear —

*Bel.* Your insolent Excuses; no, I have not Room for any Thought, but my Revenge, which I'm resolv'd to prosecute —

*Will.* On whom? — For what? — Alas! Sir, turn your Revenge upon yourself; chastise your Heart, and call

call it to a strict Account; for having dar'd to entertain a Thought to your Dishonour; there your Revenge is due, and only there your Punishment is just.

*Bel.* Why, thou dissembling Wretch! — Go follow her, but —

*Will.* Rash Man forbear, nor think the Gifts of giddy Fortune, can licence thy ungovern'd Tongue, to wrong the Innocent.

*Will.* Be cautious, Sir — nor let your Passion be the mad Fore-runner of Repentance; your Power I know can ruin me, but cannot strip my Mind of Honesty.

*Bel.* Canst thou suppose this weak Pretence to Honesty, this dull, scholastick Pedantry, will save thee from my Resentment.

*Will.* You, Sir, had better have been employ'd in protecting your Servant, than in undermining her Innocence — As for me, I am griev'd at your Displeasure, but more at the unhappy Cause.

*Bel.* Yes, you shall have Cause for Grief, and quickly find the Folly of intruding on that Master's Pleasures — Who waits there —

*Will.* Hold, Sir — you need not call for Witnesses to your Intemperance; one is too many to so bad an Act; but to preserve your Honour, and my Honesty, which you have been regardless of, I must presume to call one — Come forth there —

*Enter ROBIN, from the Closet.*

*Bel.* Ha! —

*Rob.* O! Sir, I beg your Honour wou'd forgive me!

*Bel.* Forgive thee! — What?

*Will.* Why, Sir, this Man most fortunately over-heard your Directions to that wicked Instrument, Mrs. Jewkes, and touch'd by Conscience for his Concern, in what might happen, discover'd the vile Plot to me, and this was the Occasion (which your Jealousy and Passion has so far mistaken) of my Concealment.

*Bel.* Ha! Is this Truth? —

*Rob.* Yes, indeed it is; and, if your Honour pleases, I'll take my Bible-Oath on't.

*Bel.*

*Bel.* Well, leave us [*Exit Robin*] Heav'n's! what an Escape I've had from Rage and violent Desire! — To think upon it, is looking down a Precipice, from whence to have fall'n, I must have crush'd myself, and all beneath me.

*Will.* I find he's mov'd, I hope with just Remorse.

*Bel.* And then this honest Man! — How has my ungovern'd Passion injur'd him, who has snatch'd me from the Depth of Guilt? — How can I look on him? —

*Will.* Sir —

*Bel.* Mr. Williams, I wou'd ask your Pardon —

*Will.* No more of that, Sir — as all the Merit of what I've done, is in the Deed itself, so your Contrition brings with it an Excuse.

*Bel.* Excellent Man! — What do I owe thee for thy honest Help? — Not less than if you'd snatch'd me from the Hands of Death — Nay, I was dead to Virtue — but thus recover'd — [*Pauses*] — It shall be so — Mr. Williams, as you have been so great an Instrument of my growing Happiness, I know your honest Nature cannot be more rewarded, than by immediately compleating what you have so generously begun.

*Will.* How mean you, Sir?

*Bel.* There's now no Way left me to make Amends for all the Wrongs I've done the virtuous Pamela, but by making her eternally my own.

*Will.* Sir, I applaud your Resolution, and may Heaven make you happy.

*Bel.* It will not fail — my Heart too prompts me to it — And then her Beauty, and transcendent Innocence, are a large Equivalent to Wealth and Title, and far outweigh their Worth.

*In lawless Pleasures sunk, to Virtue blind,  
Thy friendly Care has rais'd my sinking Mind:  
No more by wild impetuous Tempests tost,  
With Horror now, I view the fatal Coast;  
By gentle Gales, my calmer Passions move,  
My Pilot Thou; my Harbour, virtuous Love.*

[*Exeunt.*  
*Enter*

*Enter ROBIN.*

So, now Things are going just as I wou'd have 'em — Thank Heaven, the Scene is chang'd; and instead of being turn'd out of Place, perhaps I may be lifted into a better — But for that old Harridan! — What can she expect? [*Knocking at Door heard*] — Hey day! who have we here! [*Robin opens the Door.*]

*Enter Old ANDREWS.*

Well, old Gentleman, what's your Business?

*And.* My Business is with *Pamela* — where is she?

*Rob.* To tell you the Truth, Father, she is doing that she never did in her Life before,

*And.* Pray, Friend, do'nt trifle with me, but conduct me to *Pamela*, or let me see her Master —

*Rob.* Nay, if you see one, you may see both — they are doing a Job together, that will be over presently, but must not be disturb'd at present.

*And.* Enough — Farewel, my Life and Cares — *Pamela's* undone! — And — I'm no more! [*Faints.*]

*Rob.* *Annice! Annice!* — Oh! he begins to come to himself again —

*And.* Oh! — When shall I be at Rest? — Can I survive my Daughter's Infamy? — All gracious Heaven! let me not linger thus —

*Rob.* There's something presses him mightily — Pray, Friend, rise, and I'll give you something to comfort you —

*And.* All Help is vain, 'tis Death alone can give me Peace — but I accept your kind Assistance [*Raises him.*] — If Age and Wretchedness deserve Compassion, your Charity is well bestow'd.

*Rob.* I never was so mov'd in my Life! —

*And.* Pray, Friend, conduct me to *Pamela* — I dread to see her! — But I must on — For Doubt but more perplexes and distracts my feeble Mind — If she is ruin'd, I shall not long endure the Pain of Thinking — Her Virtue was the last and only Prop of my declining Age, and both must sink together. [*Exeunt,*



*Enter Lady DAVERS and SMATTER.*

*L. Dav.* So this is Madam's going to her Friends, and my Brother's Journey to *London*! — Is she not a pretty Creature! — So innocent too! —

*Smat.* Confound me, Madam, if she is not as delicate a Piece of Temptation as e'er my Eyes beheld! — By all that's exquisite, *Tom Belville's* a most happy Mortal, or may I suffer Annihilation.

*L. Dav.* I can't rest, till I see 'em — Will you attend me up Stairs, Sir? [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter ROBIN.*

Ha, ha, ha! — What a Passion Lady *Davers* has put herself into — But, thank Heaven, she is come too late to do any Damage — For the Knot is ty'd, and who's afraid? — Bless me! — Here they come, on both Sides — And now must I sneak off, tho' I've been prime Minister in bringing Matters to this happy Conclusion. [*Exit.*]

*Enter BELVILE and PAMELA, on one Side of the Stage, and Lady DAVERS and SMATTER on the other.*

*L. Dav.* Bless me! — Who have we here? — Oh! —

*Bel.* My Wife, and your Sister, Madam.

*L. Dav.* Wife! — Oh! — I shall faint! —

*Bel.* And I'm much prouder of that Name, than all the empty Pomp that Fortune, Birth, or Title, can bestow.

*Smat.* Sir, I go Post for *London* To-morrow Morning; do you choose Lodgings in *Moorfields*, *Chelsea*, or *Bednal-Green*?

*Bel.* Hence, thou Trifler! —

*Smat.* Raving, by *Endymion*! —

*L. Dav.* Provoking Folly! — And do you really imagine, Sir, this pretty romantic Encomium upon Nature, and her fiddle-faddle Gifts, will make any Atonement for the eternal Blemish thrown on the Honour of our Name and Family! —

*Bel.* I well know you have been fatally misled, by too many Precedents, to conclude Pride and Haughtiness the chief Characteristics of Name and Family!

*L. Dav.*



*L. Dav.* Yes, Sir, I shall so far persevere in that Error — never meanly to acknowledge, as my Relation; any mean, pitiful —

*Bel.* By Heaven! if you but whisper the slightest Accent that may reflect on her, I have thought fit to share my Name and Fortune with, that Moment is the last you ever shall be call'd, or even remember'd as a Sister.

*L. Dav.* Hold! — I conjure you [*Bursting into Tears*] — Alas! my Brother! — I have, as well as you, a very high Opinion of *Pamela's* Merit — Yet —

*Bel.* Beware of a Relapse! —

*L. Dav.* The tender Wishes I must ever have, to hold a Place in your Affections, shall henceforth govern all my Thoughts [*Drawing near Pamela.*]

Enter ROBIN.

*Rob.* May it please your Honour, Master *Andrews* waits upon you.

Enter Old ANDREWS.

*Pam.* My Father! [*Running to him, and kneeling.*]

*And.* [*Turning from her*] Wou'd I were not! —

*Pam.* Alas! what mean you, Sir?

*And.* View thy own sumptuous Drefs — and tell thyself my Meaning!

*Pam.* Oh! my lov'd Father, banish your Fears, nor think your Daughter's Innocence the hateful Barter for this costly Habit! — 'Tis made the *Purchase*, not the *Exchange* — For know, this worthy Gentleman, won by my constant Firmness to the virtuous Principles your Goodness early taught me, has rais'd me justly to the Honour of his Bed — I am his Wife.

*And.* How shall my declining Strength support this sudden Flood of Joy? — O my Child! [*Weeping, and embracing her.*]

*Bel.* Is not the Power of thus rewarding virtuous Truth, my Sister, the noblest Pride the Heart can boast?

*L. Dav.* Believe me, Brother, I want no Arguments to enforce its Truth.

*And.* My Surprise and Joy too long prevent my Gratitude — O worthy Sir! — What Words! — What Thoughts! sufficiently can pay —?

*Bel.* The amplest Payment is the Blessing of that honest, upright Heart, upon this happy Union.

[*Takes Pamela by the Hand, and both kneel.*]

*And.* Spare me this Confusion, Sir! — Receive it in my Wishes — I have not Words —

*Smat.* Ha, ha, ha! — By *Astrea*, and her Scales, the drollest, and most consummate Piece of Justice! —

*Bel.* It shall be my Care to reward those who have assisted in bringing about this happy Union — But for that evil Woman, *Mrs. Jewkes* —

*Pam.* Give me Leave to intercede, Sir, she may not be wholly destitute — lest Want prevent that Penitence your Clemency may win.

*Bel.* How exalted is the Mind preferring Mercy to Revenge!

*Enter Mr. WILLIAMS.*

*Will.* Sir, that I might contribute as much as possible to enlarge the Pleasure so general in your Family, I have prepar'd a little musical Entertainment, in which your Neighbours and Servants have desir'd to be employ'd as Performers, and they wait your Commands.

*Bel.* Whenever they please, *Mr. Williams.*

[*Dance here.*]

Sir, I am greatly oblig'd to you, and most particularly so, in becoming the happy Instrument of discovering to me, the inestimable Merit of this lovely Woman, which I had before too lightly view'd.

*The Indian thus, with wanton Dalliance play'd  
O'er the first Diamond, he by Chance survey'd;  
But when its hidden Fire, like Day, broke forth,  
And, blazing, prov'd its fix'd, intrinsic Worth,  
Like me, its latent Beauties he explor'd,  
And what, before he priz'd, he then ador'd.*

F I N I S.